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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





JOHN NOAKES & MARY STYLES;

OR,

"AN ESSEX CALF'S" VISIT

TO

TIPTREE RACES:

A Poem,

EXHIBITING SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING LINGUAL
LOCALISMS PECULIAR TO ESSEX.

WITH A GLOSSARY.

BY CHARLES CLARK, ESQ.

OF GREAT TOTHAM HALL, ESSEX.

33
"..... That tint of ancient phrase and the naïveté, which we
have for ever lost, and which we like to recollect once had an existence."

Curiosities of Literature.

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

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MDCCCXXXIX.



PR 4453
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1839

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

JOHN NOAKES AND MARY STYLES,

§c. §c.

AT Tottum's Cock-a-Bevis Hill,
A sput suppass'd by few,
Where toddlers ollis haut to eye
The proper pritty wiew ;

Where people crake so ov the place,
Leas-ways, so I've hard say ;
An' frum its top yow, sarteny,
Can see a monsus way.

'Bout this oad Hill, I warrant ya,
Their bog it niver ceases ;
They'd growl shud yow nut own that it
Beats Danbury's au'to pieces.

But no sense ov a place, some think,
 Is this here hill so high,—
 Cos there, full oft, 'tis nation coad,
 But that don't argufy.

Yit, if they their inquiries maake
 In winter time, some will
 Condemn that place as *no great shakes*,
 Where folks ha' the *coad-chill* !

As sum'dy, 'haps, when nigh the sput,
 May ha' a wish to see't,—
 From Mauldon toun to Keldon 'tis,
 An' 'gin a four releet.

Where up the road the load it goos
 So lugsome an' so stiff,
 That hosses mosly kitch a whop,
 Frum drivers in a tiff.

But who'd pay a hoss when tugging on ?
 None but a tetchy elf :
 'Tis right on plain etch chap desarves
 A clumsy thump himself.

Haul'd o'er the coals, sich fellars e'er
 Shud be, by Martin's Act ;
 But, then, they're rayther muggy oft,
 So with um we're not zact.

But thussins, 'haps, to let um oaf
 Is wrong, becos etch carter,
 If maade to smart, his P's and Q's
 He'd mine for ever arter.

At Cock-a-Bevis Hill, too, the
 Wiseacres show a tree,
 Which if yow clamber up, besure,
 A precious way yow see.

I dorn't think I cud clime it now,
 Aldoe I uster cud;
 I shudn't warsley loike to troy,
 For guelch cum down I shud.

My head 'ood swim,—I 'oodn't do'it
 Nut even for a guinea:
 A naarbour ax'd me, tother day,
 "Naa, naa," says I, "nut quinny."

At Cock-a-Bevis Hill, I was
 A-goon to tell the folks,
 Some wareses back—when I bargun—
 In peace there lived John Noakes.

Ees, John a bee'un foun' upon
 That cried-up sput,—and I
 Have hard he there lived under one
 Who follar'd husbandry.

The cot, a yard it had, in shape

A sort ov *a three square* ;*

An' as for weeds or litters, oh !

Yow nuver saa um there.

No, nut in the time John's dad it hued,

Though 'twas to some a puzzle,—

'Cos long 'fore he the buckit kick'd,

He e'er was arter guzzle.

Had the ol' bouy nut yarn'd a deal,

An' fortun met him smilin',—

He'd sich a family, he coon't

Ha' brote up the whole biling.

Who are in the warld well to do,

They onny shud ha' cubs ;

Who's nut, lore ! how he's hamper'd up,

As through this life he grubs.

Youn' John seem'd nut at all to be

A chip ov the ol' block :

To see some wet their whistles so,

It oft gave him a shock.

* Who knows ? perhaps, that Solomon the Second, King James, imbibed all his vast mathematical knowledge in the good county of Essex, for, in his celebrated "*DÆMONOLOGY*," he talks of "*square and triangular circles* !"

Through tipplin', in his manners, John,
 No hole he'd maade at all—
 (Some naarbours sed)—sen long afore
 His dad lay by the wall.

No, had yow 'quired his charriter,
 As people sometimes shud;
 Frum those who know'd him, yow'd bin toad
 'Twas altogither gud.

To doe his jarney at the plough,
 With boddle an' with bag,
 Etch moarn he'd sturt some time afore
 The grass was dry frum dag.

He sich a dapster was at plough,
 Few match'd him nigh or far:
 Ees, jes to rights, my bouys, John Noakes,
 The thurrars he 'ood draa!

But at *all* jobs he handy was,
 He'd sich a knack at wark;
 Where'er *he* sew, or rep, or mew,
 Yow werry soon cud mark.

No aukard, hulking fellar John,
 He starr'd with nimble pace;
 Nor yit bad lookin', for he had
 A chubby, smilin' face.

—By gom! where's he who's e'er withstud
 The foce ov beauty's smiles?
 Soon 'twas found out John seem'd to be
 In loave with Mary Styles.

But John long in his eye had had
 His naarbour Styles's darter;
 An' he'd the pluck, at length, to tell
 His loave, an' har goo arter.

Had John bin mealy-mouth'd, 'tis plain,
 (An' lovers oft are wary),
 He'd lost his gal, for *oathers* had
 A hank'rin' arter Mary.

A werry nice youn' oommun seem'd
 This Mary Styles to all;
 An' some—sich eyes an' cheeks she had—
 Har pritty ust to call.

Far frum a slammacks Mary was—
 No darty trollops she;
 But—though no finnick—clean an' neat
 Yow ollis har ded see.

Sen but a mauther, sarvant she
 Had bin to Mr. Bright;
 One who'd retired frum biznus now,
 An' meant to live upright.

A woundly larned man was he,
 But some folks sed a queer un;
 I met him once, an' foun' he was
 Nut werry list o' hearin'.

Once, when to his house John Noakes had cum
 A-courtin', in due form,
 To fine him 'gin his kitchin racks,
 Lore ! how he 'gan to storm !

Blame me, thote John, if this here ain't
 A werry pritty sturt :
 Poll seems full coad, an' now I am
 Put still more *out o' heart* !

John hafe-inclined to winnick was,
 Whoile settin' on his stool,
 An' acted so, some thote he was
 A-goon to tourn a fool.

Oh ! he'd nuver sich an upset had,
 As he ded git that day ;—
 Ah ! that things e'er shud goo cross-grain'd
 When loavers 'ood be gay !

But git on better soon, it seem'd,
 Ded timersome John Noakes ;
 An' Mary's marster, he found out,
 With him but play'd his jokes.

'Sides, Mary's conduct to poor John,
 It now dent seem so wusser;
 An' liddle fuss she now 'ood maake
 Whene'er he troy'd to buss her.

An' dash my buttons ! if she dent—
 (But then sich oft the case is)
 Nex time John cum, soon 'gree to goo
 With him to Tiptree Races.

How pleased was he ! the face ov hope
 Etch former cross so chases
 Thote he, with me, I was affeard,
 She oon't goo to the races.

'Twas now the middle ov July,
 An', all gud people, they
 Well know the races e'er cum roun'
 When 'tis St. Jemes's Day.

An' twas the time ov haysel, too—
 A bizzzy time with farmers;
 But ah ! to-year, sich rains they'd had,
 E'en banges wor alarmers.

A follarin' time, the farmer's crups,
 It ollis suits um best;
 Their hay becums too oft but mulch—
 When wet,—as may be guess'd.

Poor honest John ! 'tis plain, he know'd

But liddle ov life's range,

Or he'd a-know'd, gals oft, at fust,

Have ways tarnation strange.

"Dorn't yow maake count," John's mates him ax'd,

The day afore they fell,

"To goo an' see the races, mate,

"If you're alive an' well?"

"I dorn't knaa that I shain't," said John,

"As there's to be sich spote :

"I 'spose, togither, you'll all goo ?—

"Ar, you'll all goo, I thote."

The day arrived—the twenty-fifth—

An' nuthin' threaten'd rain ;

The ark worn't out—no clouds appear'd,—

That fine 'tood be was plain.

A nice day 'twas, as it advanced,

Yow had no call to shelter ;

So close it, howsomever, was,

Lore ! how folks seem'd to swelter !

"When race-time 'tis it ollis rains !"

Yow who cry this mus' mizzle ;

But oft, by gom ! when we've bin there,

It seem'd amos' to drizzle.

If nut then in our bettermust,
 Our cloaths, we shoon't so mind um,
 An'—if umberrellas there we take—
 So cumbersome we find um.

When wet, etch swell, he grumpy is,
 An' glum etch lass so smart;
 'Sides, od rabbet it! I hate to see
 Sich trapesin' through the dart.

To-year, howe'er, so fine the day,
 It seem'd quoite an enticer;
 An' some, at Tiptree, wow'd right on
 They'd nuver sin a nicer.

John Noakes, his marster, over-night,
 When he'd done pitchin' hay,
 He'd ax'd him, as 'twas race-time, for
 An artnoon's hulliday.

John's marster—no jocoshus man—
 Declared to him, in brief,—
 That buckle-to well arterwuds
 He mus',—then gave him leaf.

Some sed John seem'd—but, then, too oft
 Folks prattle loike a parrot—
 When brush'd-up he for Tiptree was,
 As smart as any carrot.

That day, besure, a bran-new suit
 He'd claa'd out ov his hutch;
 Ees, bran-span-new,—as yit, in them
 He'd nut e'en bin to chutch.

Cout—weskit—britches, all so smart,
 (At Tiptree who seems sparín'?)
 John's weskit, howsomever, 'haps,
 That was amos' too flarin'.

With Mary Styles to 'pear a lout!
 John's proide, it seem'd to shock it;
 'Sides, two suvrins ded the puss contain
 He'd in his britches pocket.

An' Mary, too, har scringin' John,
 She'd toad him to his head,—
 By none but one well tighted-up
 To Tiptree she'd be lead.

Sed she,—“I'd's lieve yow'd nut at all
 “With me that day be found,
 “If you're nut drest as smart as I
 “When in my yallar gownd.”

Besure, when yow-saa Mary drest,
 Nought she had on look'd buntin';
 An' long she'd niggles at har glass,
 When she har hair was fruntin'.

Now,—as 'twas race-time—Mary, too,
 She'd gut a hulliday;
 'Twas, 'cos har marster, frum the Heath,
 He lived a goodish way.

'Sides, wish to see har mother, sure,
 Does every gud darter;
 So Mary ded,—'twas nut at all
 John Noakes that she was arter!

At gammickin' John's Mary oft
 Seem'd rayther ov a sinner:
 That day, at housen so she'd stopp'd,
 She was beline for dinner.

She (I expect) for lunch, some cake,
 Or suffin gud had had,
 For so late she came, with har, at fust,
 Har mother seem'd quosite mad.

A dinner nice the oad folks have,
 At race-time, ollis 'ood,—
 That day, they had a *toad-in-hole*,
 A dish that's deadly gud.

But when oad Styles to goffle it
 Bargun, he soon ded cry out:—
 "Missus! I thinks as how, taa-day,
 "Yow've put the meller's eye out!

“ The taters, too, they’re nut anuff,—

“ The meat, ’tis nearly rear;”—

An’, about it, to maake a-tardo

Inclined he ded appear.

His dame rejoin’d,—“ That mauther, Sall,

“ I cain’t trust to har yit;

“ The oven—by har baakin’ thus—

“ She dent hafe rassle it.”

Now, with har daddy, Sall e’er seem’d

The favourite all o’er;

Aldoe a harum-scarum slut,

An’ so he jarr’d no more.

—The dinner o’er, soon in the yard

To walk some wor inclined,

To see the flowers—but nut tell they

Had had a glass ov wind.

To Tiptree now, afore the house,

The folks bargun to throng;

Some wor so anxious to git there,

Lore ! how they tore along !

John Noakes, bum-by, come up he ded,

When Mary seem’d more settled;

For tell he came, that day, some twig’d,

She had seem’d rayther nettled.

Though some days agoo he'd tewly bin,
 Our John, he now declared,
 That he was bobbish, when they all
 Ax'd koindly how he fared.

Sed John—as Mary seem'd to think
 His lateness quoite a crime,—
 “To pack our kilters up, this moarn,
 “It tuck us sich a-time.”

It seem'd, he an' his mate, they had
 A-drillin' tunnips bin;
 An' none or both cud leave their wark
 Tell all the sid was in.

—Poor John, though late, loike fleck he'd walk'd,
 An' it was hort an' dusty,
 So—when some mead or wind he tuck—
 He sed he was so thusty.

“Though this here wind may squench my thust,”
 Thote he, as Mary waited,
 “'Twill be a wonderment indeed
 “If I'm intossicated.”

—John's Mary, who'd har things put on,
 She now the time was grudgin';
 An' all declared, for Tiptree, it
 Was high-time to be trudgin'.

Dame Styles, she sed—but then how cud
 They wait for't sich awhile?—
 Quoite arly, if they'd stup to tea,
 She'd maake the kittle bile.

But so crazy all for Tiptree wor,
 They coodn't thussins stay;
 Though oft begin the spote dorn't tell
 'Tis bline-man's hulliday.

“No bull's-noon hours I'll ha' ya keep,—
 “An' mine what you're about,”
 Dame Styles, too, sed—when kep up late
 She felt so dilver'd out.

At las, the pair an' all wor oaf,
 With joyous hearts an' light;
 An' at the gate Dame Styles stupp'd tell
 She'd sin um out o' sight!

The noise—sich numbers pass'd um dreft—
 Oh! it was duntin' quoite;—
 John's arm along hoap Mary well,
 For still she hued it toight.

A hare-brain'd set seem'd most ov them
 What pass'd in cart or shay;
 Some, howsomever, so jubb'd on,
 No pontin' hoss had they.

Oh ! sich a hallarbaloo ded soon
 In our pair's aers resoun',
 They know'd but liddle fuddar they'd
 To goo to retch the groun'.

When they'd right afore the Priory gut,
 An' somewhat slack'd their pace,—
 John remark'd, it seem'd a curious
 Oad ruinated place.

When they arrived, of coas, they found
 Ov visitors a mort :
 High—low—tag-rag—an' bob-tail,—all
 To Tiptree e'er resort.

The Heath seem'd amos kiver'd, there
 Was sich a kit ov folks ;
 An' nut one molloncholy face
 Discover cud John Noakes.

None seem'd to ha' the mulligrubs—
 None seem'd down in the dumps ;
 An' the folks—though sich a quantity—
 Most on um starr'd their stumps.

John was a-dry, an' soon cried out—
 “Goon git some beer we 'ool !”
 He'd so to wait, it maade him riled,
 The booths wor all chuck full.

Whoile waitin', for a weskit-piece
 He'd higgled, tell he swore,
 Aldoe his fingers itch'd to haa't,
 He'd give the chap no more.

With waiters, when his beer was brote
 John's stinginess increased;
 He sed, it had bin squiggled tell
 'Twas jes as thick as east.

An' thrip-punce for sich stuff as that—
 'Twas quoite out ov the way;
 But he drink'd it up, so John, at las,
 Down'd with the dubs to pay.

To stan' sich charge some oathers, too,
 Inclined dent seem to feel;
 But booth-keepers sich expenses have,
 They'd need to taake a deal.

—'Twas six o'clock, —an' Mary ax'd,
 Whoile dawdlin' Johnny stud,
 If the racin' 'oodn't soon bargin,—
 John counted that it 'ood.

Some frins of John's, who at him now
 Had tuck a squint, they cried—
 "Sen John's kep comp'ny with that gal,
 "He's quoite transmogrified!"

Ees, all, with what John ust to be,
 His present looks contrasted :
 Oft so many roun' him now 'ood git,
 He was hafe flabbergasted.

So close the eve, when nigh him some
 Their snortin' steeds ded guide,
 John bawl'd,—“ That hoss, with flies, poor thing,
 “ Look how he's terrified !”

—Sich a clatter toards the startin' post
 Soon maade the hosses fit,
 'Twas plain, they wor the racers now
 Together goon to git.

Folks went so helter-skelter, too—
 Some this way an' some that ;
 “ My goodness ! wos-a-matter, John !”
 Cried Mary, who was scat.

Some scuttled on, whoile toards the sput
 They stared loike pigs when stuck ;
 An' John loped on with glee, aldoe
 With fear his Mary shuck.

Though, 'tis plain, sich things as cart-racks
 On no race-coas shud be sin,
 At Tiptree now, full many gigs
 Some deep uns jounced in.

John's arm hued Mary up, or, 'haps,
 In some *she* 'ood ha' bin ;—
 'Tis so hobbly, too, whene'er we'd walk,
 To stumble we bargain.

But if folks 'ood coach more gently,
 Less oft they'd feel a julk ;
 An' if toddlers 'ood but mine their path,
 They'd seldom have a hulk.

John—as he'd nut be wenter some,
 Ded now his Mary tell,—
 “If yow loike to stup on this here rice,
 “Yow'll see the hosses well.”

They stupp'd,—an' to stan' back some now
 Ov oathers oft ded beg ;
 Yit, some wor so obstropolus,
 They 'oodn't star a peg.

Four tits, at las, they mounted wor—
 To beat etch rider meant ;
 They sturted in a twinkin' then,
 An' down the coas they went.

As they cut away, the company
 Still kep upon the glare ;
 An' when comin' in, the hosses ded
 Along loike blazes tear.

In the wind, the jockeys' hankerchars
 An' jackets how they flack'd !
 An' those wor in a fidgit who
 Their favourites had back'd.

The fust hoss, by the liddlest,
 Some thote he 'ood be beat ;
 At las, he cotch an' pass'd him,
 An' soon he won the heat.

One hoss to kitch anoather thus,
 The spote it much increases :
 Some cried,—“Dorn't talk ov Galleywood ;
 “This beats that aut to pieces !”

One sorry steed, they'd well chopp'd on,
 As he was gooin' roun',—
 When right agin a heap o' culch,
 Oh ! smack he bundled down.

It proved oad butcher Thingomee's,
 A hack that ne'er cud win ;
 Some had sung out they'd jigger'd be
 If *he* e'er fust came in.

The secunt hoss—all through the groun',
 It seem'd, he'd had a check,—
 Or he'd a-won, some thote, 'cos he
 Lost onny by a neck.

Oh ! ye jockeys, with your hosses
 Why more humoursome aint yow ?
 For when leather'd is a runnin' hoss
 It ollis maakes him cow !

Know, the riders at Newmarket,
 Who cute uns yow 'ood call,
 Unloike yow chaps at Tiptree,
 They rarely pay at all.

An' I tell ya what, ye throshers,
 Sich pluck they've orfan shown,
 Some hosses, they have run untel
 Stone-dead they've tumbled down.

—To Samwell's an' to Richardson's
 Our pair now bent their way ;
 For nicely there, had Mary hard,
 Musicianers ded play.

An' there the Andraa's play'd sich tricks—
 There was sich fun an' joke,
 That many ov the Johnny's thote
 They dreft a pritty stroke.

Some ov the bouys, upon the stage,
 So carl'd themselves about,—
 “How they can doe that there,” cried John,
 “It wholly beats me out !”

Agin these shows, oh, what a scrowge !
 So much sich fun delights ;
 But John an' Mary, now they thote
 They'd goo an' see the sights.

John sed,—when they wor sheu at one
 Some wiews that all ded please,—
 “In my born days I nuver saa
 “Sich pritty draffs as these !”

Nex, in a wile-beas show they went,
 Where Mary was affeard :
 There a man so hugg'd some liuns, that
 A-many folks it queer'd.

John, one dicky-thing, with curous stroips,
 Was woundly pleased to see ;—
 The monkeys, too, lore ! how he laugh'd
 To eye their deviltry !

Though oft some jackanips we wiew
 A-handlin' e'en their claas,—
 Ne'er meddle or maake with wile-beas, pray,—
 Nor stan' too nigh the bars.

If e'er their jars they've maade ya feel,
 This gud advice you'll call ;
 For sich warman's gripe—or I'll be darn'd—
 'Tood soon maake ya sing small.

Our pair now stupp'd where some odd stick
 Attracted many a hearer ;
 He frum a cart was sellin' truck,
 Jes loike an auctioneerer.

He gave away, nut soad his things ;
 But this was all presumption :
 His gab the riff-raff pleased, cos he
 Spake sich a deal ov gumption.

John, jest arter he'd some ballets bote,
 With him, oh, what a fuss !
 For I'll be dash'd if some rip han't
 Bin grabbin' at his puss.

" Well, this here is a pritty goo,
 " If they ha' nabb'd my gold !"—
 Cried John, who cudn't tell his lorss
 Tell all his cash he'd told !

But John's puss, his suvrins, bobs an' all,
 He found it still contain'd ;
 An' his 'baccar box, an' muckinger,
 Wor all the scamps had gain'd.

Though frum *him* they'd cribb'd but liddle,
 John was in sich a cue,—
 If the rapscaillon he'd a-cotch,
 He'd put him in a stew.

—Ov biznus, at the Lunnun booths,
 Now what a stroke was drivin' ;
 To git all he cud rap an' rend
 Etch keeper seem'd a strivin'.

'Gin *one* ov um some soadgers stud,
 An' nigh some aukard chaps,—
 Who seem'd as though they'd 'listed, for
 They'd ribbuns roun' their caps.

Sed John,—“Loike they, wor *I* to 'list,
 “My mummy, how 'tood shock her!
 “But I'll nut goo a-soadgerin',
 “*Whoile there's shot in the locker !*”

—Now, in a booth, our pair, agin
 They down had snugly sot,
 But at a table what had on't
 Of crumbles sich a lot.

Both on um to a waiter soon
 Ded grumble, as was roight ;
 When soon, by elbar-grease, he maade
 Their table pritty toight.

There ov oysters some had had a chate,
 Also ov bread a stull ;
 But that oon't singafy if they'd
 Their shells away but hull.

“ John ! that waiter hinder favours yow,”—
 So Mary sed she thote :
 “ If he *favour’d* me,” cried John, “ he’d long
 “ Agoo our cidar brote !”

Now John—than cidar—bettar loiked
 Some gin-un-water—far ;
 But, though Mary oft had maggots strange,
 Of coas, he mus please har.

He cud—when they, at las, it brote—
 Upon the groun’ it swack’d ;
 For whene’er he cidar drink’d, he’d ov
 The gullion an attact.

Poor John ! he’d jest his cidar gut,
 An’ for’t had tipp’d the cash,—
 When a joggle knock’d the tumbler down,
 An’ bruck it au to smash.

A joulterhead—an’ for the nonce—
 Had gut John in this hobble ;
 Leas-ways, he guess’d so, an’ there was
 With them a precious swabble.

The man, who was all rags an’ jags
 To own it soon bargan ;
 But ’twas cos the table (so he stuck)
 Ded nut more ginnick stan’.

John's maid, too, now, hafe runty was—
 At any rate, she frown'd:
 Through the job what caused this rumpus,
 Still dreaanin' was har gownd.

An', har boarnt, that, with candle snace,
 Gut crock'd whoile she sot there;
 Which she cudn't better stummuck than
 To feel har sizzled hair.

Though the joulterhead was nearly stump'd,
 He an' John ded, at las,
 Fork out the brads—though with a lear—
 To buy anoather glass.

But, howsomever, spite ov all,
 His seat some time kep John;
 Though hafe-quackled oft by 'baccar smuck,
 To see the gooin's on.

An' as Mary still seem'd rayther mum,
 John lots ov spice-nuts bought har:
 With them they long went snacks, an chaw'd
 Them with some gin-un-water.

When maakin' these nice cakes, folks shud
 Much more eke out their spice;
John's wor so hort, more they had put
 Than jest a leetle jice.

“ Oh ! there is sich a dullar here ! ” —

At length, poor Mary sed, —

“ I’m dunted, an’ I gin to feel

“ Sich mis’ry in my head.”

An’ dang it ! well she might, for some

Cross brats set-up a-blarin’

In sich a way, you’d wish’d amost

That you’d bin hard o’harin’.

But cuttin’ teeth two on um wor,

An’ they had gomes so sore ;

Or—though to their chops tares trinkled down—

I’d had um basted more.

Their mummies, sure, they all wor dif,

Or they’d, when nigh an’ handy, —

To stup sich squarls, a pennorth bote

Ov lollipops or candy.

—Our pair now left their noisy buth,

To see agin the plays ;

An’ at a stall, soon Mary bote

A hume-book full ov gays.

A leetle doddy thing it was,

Quoite a curoosity ; —

Of coas, *John* tipp’d the blunt for’t, for

No hunks e’er seemed he.

An' John's gud gal, as every
 Etch Sunday ded cum roun',
 She'd now taake it to chutch, for long
 She'd in the singin' joun.

John, he'd an arrant, too—(his mate
 Ded as a favour ask it)*—
 It was that John, frum Tiptree, 'ood
 Bring him a new frail basket.

An' where John his mate's basket bote
 He had anoather deal;
 He'd gut a bran-new tunnip hoe,
 There for't he bote a steel.

A rum un he, what kep the stall,
 Which hant gut any ruff,—
 (So thote our John)—he saacy was,
 An' fibs ded troy to cuff.

—“'Tis gittin' late,”—so Mary oft
 To John now kep declarin';
 An' now she wish'd to goo an' buy
 Har liddle niece a fairin'.

* “*Ax it,*” gentle reader, it *should* be, but then I am situated as was the author of the Scottish epitaph,—

“Here lies John Campbell,—more's the pity,
 Who met with his death in Campbell city.

“N.B. It should have been Campbell *town*, but it wadna rhyme.”

Har liddle mosey nevvys, too,
 She thote ov them, I 'spose ;
 Or, drat um ! when they hard she'd nut,
 They'd so look at their nose.

An' if she dent them suffin bring,
 Har dad 'ood maake a-noise ;—
 So she bote some kickshaws, at a stall,
 Also some jim-crack toys.

John, too, he'd nuver scaly seem,
 With Mary at his side ;
 For them, *he* in his hankerchar
 Some thingumbobs had tied.

—At las, John sed,—“ About here thus
 “ We mus no longer gawm ;
 “ Tool be so late 'fore we git home,
 “ The grim oad folks 'ool storm.

“ Through potterin' here so late to-night,
 “ Mayhap there'll be a row ;
 “ I shain't git up to-morrar moarn
 “ In time to goo to plough.

“ Yar mother sed, too, when she las
 “ Spake to us 'gin the gate,—
 “ ‘ Yow'll knock me up, together, if
 “ Yow aint a-tome tell late.’

“Through har rheumaties so shaky,

“An’, haps, near ov a-fire,

“In the chimbey-corner, sithin’,

“Methink I now can spy har.

“The moon, too, soon ’ool set, an’ then

“Crope in the dark we may;

“’Sides, though we scue them fills, we’ve gut

“To goo a dogged way.

“An’ as yar dad a-tome, yow say,

“Oft tours things topsitivvy,

“For keepin’ yow so late—(to hide)—

“He arter me may chevy.”—

“Yes, if fresh, or in his tantarums,”

Said Mary, “pritty games,

“’Haps, he ’ood play when we gut home,

“An’ call yow ugly names.”

To git in sich a scrape as this,

John trusted ’twont his fate;

So they sturted,—for he sed that they

Dent ote to maake it late !

When far they’d trudged, John wow’d that a

New shummaker he’d git;

An’, whoile stompin’, cuss’d the shoes he’d on—

They ded so crompt his fit.

“No, though the oad man gives me tick,
 “An’, ’haps, he cobbles stronger,
 “He so perishes my fit,” said John,
 “I oan’t stan’ it no longer.”

—“The las time I was on the Heath,
 “That was a day—my eyes !”
 Remember’d John, —“it snew loike fun,
 “An’ lore ! how that ded frize !”

—At length, our pair—but nut untel
 The moon was shinin’ dimmer,
 Wor so nigh home, frum charmbers there,
 Ov loight they eyed a shimmer.

Soon home they wor, when pleased seem’d all,—
 John was to soupper ast ;
 An’ oaf with flyin’ colours ded
 Both loavers cum at last.

An’ John Noakes, at Tiptree Races,
 (May all swains doe as much !)
 On Mary sich impression maade,
 They soon wor ax’d at chutch.

Tied-up they now some years ha’ bin,
 But nut e’en Time effaces
 The mem’ry of the day, when fust,
 They ramp’d to Tiptree Races.

An' ov crosses shud they have enow,
 I'll warrant ye this here :—
 They'll maake a count oad Tiptree still
 To wisit ev'ry year.

But I've sich a sight ov wareses scrarl'd,
 Yow soon 'ool bellar—"Scruce!"
 An' my book 'ool sich a bonkka be,
 How shall I fine excuse,—

So, I tell ya what, lest I shud nut
 Frum censure's blab be screen'd,
 With our Tale ov Tiptree Races, now
 We'll haut,—so here's——

THE EAND.

A GLOSSARY,

*Explaining the most difficult Words and Phrases
contained in the foregoing Poem.*

Act, behave, conduct.

A-dry, thirsty.

Aers, ears.

Afore, before.

Affear'd, afraid.

Ago, ago.

A-goon, a-going.

Aint, are not.

Aldoe, although.

A-mos, almost.

Andraa, a clown, a mountebank.

Anoather, another.

Anough, enough.

To Argufy, to hold an argument, to argue.

The Ark, clouds running into two points, thus ().

Arly, early.

Arrant, arrand.

Arter, after.

Arterwards, afterwards.

Artnoon, afternoon.

Ast, asked.

A-tome, at home.

Attact, attack.

Auctioneerer, auctioneer.

Aukhard, awkward.

Au to, all to,—“all to pieces,” &c.

Ax'd, asked.

Baccar, tobacco.

Ballet, ballad.

Bange, light fine rain.

Bargun, began.

- Bast*, to flog severely.
Beat out, puzzled, put in a quandary.
Bee'un, a being, an habitation.
Behine, behind.
Bellar, to bellow, cry out violently.
Bettermust, best—only applied to clothes.
Bile, boil,—“the kettle biles.”
Biling, the whole number, all.
Bin, been.
Biznus, business.
Bizzy, busy.
Blab, to tell secrets, talk.
Blare, to cry, to weep aloud.
Like Blazes, fast, quick—probably a simile taken from the action of flame.
Blind-man's-holliday, twilight.
Blunt, money.
Boarnt, bonnet.
Bobs, shillings.
Bobbish, pretty well in health.
Boddle, bottle.
Bog, boast.
Bonkka, very large.
Bote, bought.
Both on um, both of them, each.
Bouy, boy.
Brads, money—the same as *dubs*.
Bran-new, and *bran-span-new*, quite new.
Brats, children contemptuously.
Britches, breeches.
Brote, brought.
Bruck, broke.
Brushed-up, made smarter, well dressed, put in order.
Buckle-to, set-to in good earnest.
Bull's-noon, midnight.
Bum-by, by and by.
Bundled down, thrown down violently.
Bunting, not neat, unsightly dress.
Buss, to kiss, to embrace.
Buth, birth, situation.
By gom! an exclamation.

Caint, can not.
Call, occasion, need.
Carl, curl.
Cart-rack, cart-rut.

- Chap*, a man, a fellow.
Charmber, chamber.
Charriter, character.
Chate, a feast, a treat.
Chaw, to chew.
Chevy, to chase, to run after.
Chimbey, chimney.
Chip of the old block, like his father.
Chop, the lips.
Chop, to flog with a whip.
Chubby, ruddy, full-faced, healthy.
Chuck full, quite full, crammed.
Chutch, church.
Claa, claw.
Clamber, to climb up heedlessly.
Clatter, a confused noise.
Close, sultry, still weather.
Clumsy-thump, a heavy blow.
Coach, to drive.
Coad-chill, a ridiculous pleonasm, meaning an agree fit.
Coas, course.
Come-up, to appear in person.
Cos, because.
Cotch, caught.
Count, to think, intend.
Cout, coat.
Cow, to cower.
Crake, to boast—the same as *bog*.
Crazy, over-anxious, excited.
Crib, to rob.
Cried-up, well spoken of, much praised.
Crock, the black from any thing that has been burnt.
Cromp, cramp.
Crope, to grope, to walk cautiously.
Cross-grained, troublesome, cross, awry.
Crumbles, crumbs.
Crups, crops.
Cry out, to call aloud.
Cubs, children—generally used contemptuously.
Cue, humour, temper.
To Cuff, to try to make believe, to insinuate.
Culch, rubbish of any description.
Cumbersome, cumbrous, in the way.
Curoosity, curiosity.
Curous, curious.
Cuss, curse.

Cut away, to proceed expeditiously.

Cute, acute, clever.

Dad, daddy, father.

Dag, dew.

Dang it! an exclamation. not used angrily.

Dapster, an adept, proficient.

Dart, dirt.

Darter, daughter.

Dash my buttons! an exclamation.

Dawdling, trifling, idling.

Deadly, superlative degree of any thing, as *deadly good*, &c.

Ded, did.

Dent, did not.

Desarves, deserves.

Deviltry, devilry.

Dicky, a donkey, an ass.

Dif, deaf.

Dilvered, exhausted, worn out with fatigue.

Doe, do.

Dogged way, &c. a great way, excessive.

Draa, draw.

Draffs, drawings, pictures.

Drat it, an imprecation.

Drean, to drain.

Dreft, drove.

Drizzle, to pour down in a circular stream.

Dubs, money--the same as *brads*.

Dullar, an uninterrupted noise, confusion.

Dumps, low spirits, hypochondriacism.

Dunt, to confuse by noise, to stupify.

Eand, the end.

East, yeast.

Ees, yes.

Eke out, to use sparingly and with care.

Elbow-grease, labour of the arms, hard rubbing.

Enow, enough.

Etch, each, every one.

Every etch, every other.

Expect, to suppose, to believe.

Eye, to observe minutely.

Fairing, a present bought at a fair.

Fared, felt, seemed.

Favour, to resemble personally.

Fellar, fellow.

Fell, to come round periodically.

Fibs, lies, falsehoods.

Fidgit, restless, uneasy.

Fit, feet.

Fills, fields.

Fine, find.

Finnicks, a tawdry dressing female.

Flabbergasted, confused, alarmed.

Flacked, hung loose, agitated by the wind.

Flaring, very bright, gaudy.

Fleck. Like fleck, a simile used to express great speed, &c.

Flying colours. To come off with flying colours is to be eventually victorious.

Foce, force.

Follow, to practise for a livelihood.

Following time. A season in which fine weather and showers follow each other in quick succession.

Fork out, to pull cash, &c. out of the pocket.

For't, for it.

Frail basket, a shapeless flexible mat basket without bottom or handle, save two eylets in the mat.

Fresh, advanced towards intoxication.

Frins, friends.

Frize, freeze.

Frum, from.

Fudder, further.

Fuss, a stir, a bustle, tumult.

Fust, first.

Gab, idle talk, nonsense, "lob-loll."

Gal, girl.

Games, tricks, jokes.

Gammicking, gossiping, idling.

Gawm, to look idly about, awkward.

Gays, the ornamental prints in books.

Gentily, gently.

Ginnick, neat, complete, perfect.

Git, get.

Glare, a fixed or wild look, a staring.

Glum, gloomy, sour, grave.

Go after, to court.

Goffle, to eat fast and greedily.

Goings-on, proceedings, doings.

Gomes, gums.

Goo, go.

Goodish way, &c. a great way.

Gownd, gown.

Grab, to lay hands on.

Grubs, toils continually.

Growl, grumble, murmur.

Grumble, to murmur, to be discontented.

Grumpy, in bad temper, sullen.

Gud, good.

Gumption, nonsense, foolish talk.

Gullion, stomach-ache, cholic.

Gulch, to fall heavily.

Gut, got.

Guzzle, drink.

Ha', have.

Haa't, have it.

Hafe, half.

Hallarbaloo, a great noise, a tumult.

Hampered, perplexed, annoyed, troubled.

Handy, convenient, near.

Hanker, to desire, to long for or after.

Hankerchar, handkerchief.

Hant, had not.

'Haps, an abbreviation of perhaps.

Har, her.

Hard, heard.

Hard of hearing, deaf, difficult to make hear.

Hare-brained, giddy, thoughtless, roving.

Harum-scarum, thoughtless, giddy.

Haul over the coals, to call to account, examine.

Haut, halt.

Haysel, the hay season.

Head—I told him to his head, I told him to his face.

Helter-skelter, confusedly, without order.

Hide, to beat, to flog, to chastise.

Higgle, to haggle, to bargain tediously.

Hinder, yonder.

Hoap, helped.

Hobble, a scrape, a difficulty.

Hobbly, uneven, rough.

Hort, hot.

Hoss, horse.

Housen, houses.

Howsomever, however.

Hued, held.

Hug, to embrace fondly.

Hull, to throw.

Huïiday, holiday.

Hulk, a heavy fall.

Hulking, unwieldy, heavy, clumsy.

Hume-book, hymn-book.

Humoursome, complaisant, courteous, to treat with kindness.

Hunks, a miser, a niggard.

Hutch, a chest, a large box.

Inquiration, an inquiry.

Intossicated, intoxicated.

Itched, were anxious,—“ His fingers *itched* for it.”

Jackanips, an affected puppyish young man.

Jar, to scold, expressive of anger.

Jarney, journey.

Jemes, James.

Jes, jest, just.

Jice, a very small quantity of a powder, &c.

Jim-crack, any piece of trumpery contrivance.

Jocoshus, jocose, facetious, merrily.

Joggle, a shaking, a jogging.

Joulterhead, a blockhead, a clown.

Joun, joined.

Jounce, a jolt, a sudden shaking.

Jub, a very slow trot, between a trot and a walk.

Julc, a hard blow, a jolt.

Kep, kept.

Kept company, courted, paid addresses to.

Kick-the-buckit, to die, to become a corpse.

Kickshaws, trifles, fancy cakes, pastry, &c.

Kilters, tools, instruments, component parts.

Kit, a great number, the whole.

Kitch, catch.

Kittle, kettle.

Kivered, covered.

Knaa, know.

Knack, the right way, dexterity.

Knocked up, worn out with fatigue.

Knowed, knew.

Larned, learned.

Las, last.

Lay by the wall. Said of an uninterred corpse.

Leaf, leave.

Lear, to scowl, to frown.

- Leas-ways*, at least.
Leather, to beat, to chastise.
Leetle, little.
Liddle, little.
Lieve, as soon.
List, enlist.
List of hearing, ready, quick, not at all deaf.
Live under, to be tenant to.
Loave, love.
Loike, like.
Lollipops, a sweet lozenge made of treacle, butter, and flour.
Look at the nose, to seem out of temper, to frown.
Lope, to take long strides.
Lorss, loss.
Lot, a great number.
Lout, an awkward fellow, a clown.
Lugsome, heavy, cumbrous.
Lunnun, London.

Maake, make.
Mad, very angry.
Maggots, whims, strange fancies.
Make a noise, to scold, to be angry with.
Make count, to intend, to reckon on any thing.
Marster, master.
Mauther, a great awkward girl—generally used contemptuously.
Mayhap, perhaps, it may happen.
Mead, a drink made of honey and water.
Mealy-mouthed, shy, modest, backward in asking.
Meddle or *make*, to interfere, to intrude into business in which one has no particular concern.
Meller, miller.
Mew, mowed, cut with a scythe.
Mine, mind.
Misery, pain, a continuous aching.
Missis, mistress.
Mizzle, to succumb, to give up, yield.
Moarn, morn, the morning.
Molloncholy, melancholy.
Monsus, monstrous, great.
Morrrar, morrow.
Mort, a great number, many.
Mosey, having much soft hair about the face and neck.
Mosly, mostly.
Muckinger, a pocket-handkerchief.

Muggy, half-drunk, fresh.
Mulch, straw, &c. half-rotten.
Mulligrubs, fancied ailings, ill humours.
Mum, silent, secret anger.
Mummy, mother—a corruption of *mamma*.
Mus, must.
Musicianers, musicians.

Naa, no.
Naarbour, neighbour.
Nab, to catch by surprise.
Nation, many, much, great, &c.
Nettled, provoked, disturbed.
Nevvy, nephew.
Nex, next.
Nice, agreeable, pleasant.
Niggle, to dawdle after tediously.
No great shakes, not very good, indifferent.
Nonece, designedly, purposely, intentionally.
None-or-both, neither.
Not bad looking, rather handsome.
Nut, not.
Nuver, never.

Oad, old.
Oaf, off.
Oather, other.
Obstropolus, obstreperous, unruly.
Od rabbet! an exclamation, not used angrily.
Of a fire, on fire, ignited.
Ol, old.
Ollis, always.
Onny, only.
Ood, would.
Ool, will.
Oommun, woman.
Orfan, often.
Out of heart, low spirited, discouraged—worn out, when applied to land.
Out of sight, an Irish expression, meaning to look after as long as IN sight.
Out of the way, extravagant, uncommon.
Ov, of.
Over-night, the night previous.
Own, to acknowledge, to identify.

- Pay*, to flog, to chastise.
Peg, legs or feet.
Pennorth, a pennyworth.
Perish, to pain, to injure.
Pitch, to load up straw, &c. with a fork upon a waggon.
Pluck, courage, spirit.
Pont, pant.
Potter, to putter.
Precious, great, extraordinary.
Pritty, pretty.
Proide, pride.
Proper, very—as very good, &c.
P's and Q's, conduct, behaviour.
Puss, purse.
Put the miller's eye out, to overdo with water or milk, to make a pudding, &c. too thin.

Quackled, suffocated, choaked.
Quantity, a great number, &c.
Queer, to puzzle, to put or set wondering.
Quinny, not quite, not just yet.
Quire, inquire.
Quoite, quite.

Racks, range, kitchen fire-place.
Rags and jags, tatters, worn-out dress.
Rap and rend, that is, all he can get or lay hands on.
Rapscallion, a rascal.
Rassle, to stir the embers in an oven with a pole.
Rayther, rather.
Rear, raw.
Releet, a crossing of roads, a conjunction.
Rep, reaped.
Retch, reach.
Rheumaties, rheumatism.
Rice, a rise, an elevation.
Riff-raff, idle fellows, vagabonds.
Right on, downright, violently.
Riled, made angry, disturbed.
Rip, a worthless fellow, a rouë.
Ruff, roof.
Ruinated, decayed, gone to ruin.
Rum, queer, odd, uncommon.
Rumpus, a great noise, a row.
Runty, surly, crusty, ill-humoured.

- Saa*, saw.
Saacy, saucy.
Sarteny, certainly.
Sarvant, servant.
Scaly, shabby, mean, unhandsome.
Scamp, a rascal, a worthless fellow.
Scat, scared.
Scrape, a difficulty, perplexity, hobble.
Scrawl, scrawl.
Screened, sheltered, protected.
Scringing, cringing.
Scrowdge, a crowd, a squeeze.
Scruce, a truce, a cessation.
Scue, aslant, obliquely, awry.
Scuttled, went fast.
Secunt, second.
Sen, since.
No sense, poor, sorry, not good.
Set-up, began, commenced.
Sew, sowed.
Shaint, shall not.
Shaky, feeble, immaciated.
Shay, chaise.
Sheu, showed.
Shimmer, a glimmer.
Shoont, should not.
Shot, money.
Shuck, shook, shaken.
Shud, should.
Shummaker, shoemaker.
Sich, such.
Sid, seed.
'Sides, besides.
Sight, a great number.
Sights, peep shows, &c.
Sin, seen.
Sing small, equivalent to must be content with less than appearances promised.
Singafy, signify.
Sithe, a sigh. In Scottish, *sike*.
Sizzle, to burn.
Slammacks, a slattern, an untidy female.
Smart, to undergo, to injure.
Smart as a carrot, very smart indeed.
Smash, all to smash, all to pieces.

- Smack*, to come or go against with great force.
Smuck, smoke.
Snace, snuff of a candle.
Snacks, to share equally.
Snew, snowed.
Soad, sold.
Soadgers, soldiers.
Sorry, poor, indifferent.
Sot, set or sat.
Spake, spoke.
'Spose, suppose.
Spote, sport.
Sput, spot.
Squarls, squalls.
Squench, quench.
Squiggle, to shake about.
Squint, a look, to observe slyly.
Stand, to put up with, non-resistance.
Starred, stirred.
Steel, the long strait handle of a hoe, fork, rake, &c.
Stew, a state of apprehension or alarm.
Stick, a fellow, an eccentric person.
Stick, a fellow, a chap—as “an odd *stick*,” &c.
Stiff, heavy, burthensome.
Stingy, cross, ill-tempered.
Stomack, to swallow, to put up with.
Stomp, to stamp with the feet.
Stone-dead, quite dead.
Storm, to scold, to be angry with.
Stroke, a game, a proceeding.
Stud, stood.
Stuff, any thing very bad, &c.
Stumped, to be without money.
Stumps, feet.
Stull, a great piece of bread, &c.
Sturt, start.
Suffin, something.
Sum'dy, somebody.
Suppass, surpass.
Suvrins, sovereigns.
Swabble, a quarrel, loud talking.
Swack, to go or hit against violently.
Swell, a fop.
Swelter, suffering from perspiration, sweating.
Swim, a giddiness—as “my head swims,” &c.

- Tag-rag and bob-tail*, the low rabble.
Tantarums, noisy, passionate conduct, hurly-burly.
Tares, tears.
Taters, potatoes.
Tear, to go fast.
Terrified, teased, pained, annoyed.
Tetchy, cross, peevish.
Tewly, poorly, not very well in health.
Thingombobs, equivalent to What-d'ye-call-them.
Thingomee, a name given when the proper one is not recollected.
Thote, thought.
Three-square, triangular.
Throsh, thrash.
Thurrrar, furrow.
Thussins, in this way, thus.
Thusty, thirsty.
Tick, credit.
Tied-up, married, united.
Tiff, a pet, fit of peevishness.
Tighted-up, dressed neatly, put in order.
Timmersome, timid, fearful.
Tip the cash, &c. to hand it over, pay it immediately.
Tits, showy light horses.
Toad, told.
Toad-in-hole, a small joint or pieces of meat baked in a pudding or batter.
Toddle, to walk.
To-do, fuss, disturbance.
Tood, it would.
Topsitivvy, topsiturvey.
To-rights, properly, neatly.
Tourn, turn.
To-year, the current year, the present season.
Tramp, to walk, to journey on foot.
Transmogrified, transformed, changed.
Trapes, to trail in the dirt.
Trinkle, trickle.
Trollops, a dirty, coarse, vulgar slut.
Troy, try.
Truck, rubbish.
Trudge, to walk briskly.
Tuck, took.
Tug, to pull hard, to labour at.
Tumbler, a glass without a foot.
Tunnips, turnips.

Twig, to observe slyly.

Twinking, quickly, a corruption of *winking*.

Um, them.

Umbrella, umbrella.

Upright, independent—"he lives *upright*."

Upset, a cross, an obstruction.

Ust, used.

Uster could, I could formerly, &c.

Wark, work.

World, world.

Warmin, vermin.

Wares, verses.

Warsley, not much.

Well-to-do, thrifty, prosperous.

Wentersome, venturous, bold, daring.

Werry, very.

Weskit, waistcoat.

What, that.

Whistle, the throat—"he wets his *whistle*."

Whoile, while.

Whop, a heavy severe blow.

Wile beas, wild beasts.

Wind, wine.

Winnick, a suppressed cry, to fret.

Wonderment, to wonder at any thing, to hear with astonishment.

Wor, were.

Wos-a-matter? what is the matter?

Woundly, very great.

Wusser, the comparative degree of bad.

Yallar, yellow.

Yard, garden.

Yarn, earn.

Yit, yet.

Yow, you.

Zact, exact.

18
JOHN NOAKES & MARY STYLES;

OR,

6
"AN ESSEX CALF'S" VISIT

TO

TIPTREE RACES:

A Poem,

EXHIBITING SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING LINGUAL
LOCALISMS PECULIAR TO ESSEX.

WITH A GLOSSARY.

BY CHARLES CLARK, ESQ.

OF GREAT TOTHAM HALL, ESSEX.

"..... That tint of ancient phrase and that naïveté, which we
have for ever lost, and which we like to recollect once had an existence."

Curiosities of Literature.

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